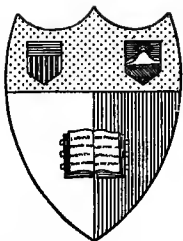


PS  
3073  
T5





**Cornell University Library**

**Ithaca, New York**

---

**BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME OF THE  
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND**

**THE GIFT OF  
HENRY W. SAGE**

**1891**

Cornell University Library  
PS 3073.T5

Timrod souvenir:1901—At his memorial: 1



3 1924 022 200 319



The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924022200319>

# TIMROD SOUVENIR

---

MEMORIAL POEM

By HENRY AUSTIN

AT TIMROD'S GRAVE

By CARL MCKINLEY

THE PROMISE

By WM. A. COURTENAY

---



---

W. E. WASHBURN, *Publisher*

Aiken, South Carolina





**ADMIRERS** of Timrod will be glad to learn that there has been issued a "Timrod Souvenir" in dainty booklet form, the work of The Palmetto Press, Aiken, S. C. It is handsomely printed in black and red, from new Caslon old-style type on heavy Whatman hand-made paper, with miniature photogravure of the poet Timrod, from the original portrait in oil, on Japan paper, and contains the poem read by Henry Austin at the dedication of the Timrod Memorial at Charleston; the poem written by Carl McKinley in 1877, entitled "At Timrod's Grave," and an incident which took place in 1865, between the poet and Wm. A. Courtenay, when the latter promised the poet that if possible his poems should be published in book form. How well the promise was kept is known to all. ❀ The Timrod Souvenir will be sent to any address postpaid on receipt of 50 cents. Address W. L. WASHBURN, Publisher, Aiken, S. C.

















HENRY TIMROD

1829—1867







*"The glory dies not, and the grief is past."*

# Timrod Souvenir

1901—*At his* MEMORIAL

1877—*At his* UNMARKED GRAVE

1865—*The* PROMISE



PRINTED AT THE PALMETTO PRESS  
AIKEN, S. C. DECEMBER, MDCCCCI

This is No. *104* of 450 copies  
printed on Whatman paper

1901

At the Timrod Memorial

CHARLESTON, S. C.

FOREVER fair, forever young,  
Leaving her loved, Olympian hill,  
The Goddess of the rhythmic tongue  
Visits her chosen still.

Not with a loud, tempestuous rush,  
Or sudden flash of golden wings,  
Descends the highest Muse: a hush  
Of balmy calm she brings.

Mysterious as a spectral ship  
Emerging from a spectral mist,  
She comes with fresh, with floral, lip,  
By winds auroral kissed.

To him She came—that dreamy boy,  
Knight-errant through the vernal camps,  
Where jasmines, in their virgin joy,  
Relume perfumèd “lamps.”

On him She smiled in many a glen,  
By many a wild and weird lagoon,  
Where erst the songs of Marion’s men  
Rang to the midnight moon.

She gave him of her grace antique,  
Of deeds divine, divinely sung;  
She thrilled him with the surge of Greek  
And Rome's majestic tongue.

Deeply he felt that ancient grace,  
That power, which bade the song outroll;  
The song of Helen's fatal face  
And Hector's patriot soul.

So deeply—that in after days  
To his own Troy, beleaguered long,  
Serene amid the battle's blaze  
He sang a clarion song.

His Troy went down ; but o'er the hush  
Of the spent storm of blood and tears,  
Sweeter than lilt of lark or thrush,  
Up the resounding years

His lyric rapture echoing flows,  
Each vital note as crystal-clear  
As dew of dawn upon the rose  
Or Pity's perfect tear.

O Poesy, so quick to thrill  
And soften e'en a foeman's breast,  
No compass bounds thy scope and skill—  
No South, North, East or West.

The whole world trembles to thy charms ;  
Is chastened by thy mystic spell ;  
Art rose a victor over arms,  
When Hermes strung the shell.

Measured by outward shows alone,  
How sad our Poet's life would seem,  
O'ershadowed by a Cause o'erthrown—  
The chaos of a dream !

How signed for grief and set apart !  
Nay, whensoever the Muse is kind,  
She makes a hey-day of the heart—  
A May-day of the mind.

Music is aye its own reward ;  
Its own rich recompense is Rhyme :  
Bright, when the splendor of the sword  
Rusts in the sheath of Time.

Thus, now that Carolina calls  
No longer on her soldier sons,  
And Peace, with sweet oblivion, falls  
Upon the “festal guns,”

The lyrist of her valiant past,  
The limner of a radiant land,  
Receives his monument, at last,  
From Carolina's hand.



1877

At Timrod's Grave

COLUMBIA, S. C.

**H**ARP of the South! no more, no more  
Thy silvery strings shall quiver,  
The one strong hand might win thy strains  
Is chilled and stilled forever.

Our one sweet singer breaks no more  
The silence sad and long,  
The land is hushed from shore to shore,  
It brooks no feebler song!

No other voice can charm our ears,  
None other soothe our pain ;  
Better these echoes lingering yet  
Than any ruder strain.

For singing, Fate hath given sighs,  
For music we make moan ;  
Ah ! who may touch the harp strings since  
That whisper—" *He is gone !* "

See where he lies—his last sad home  
Of all memorial bare,  
Save for a little heap of leaves  
The winds have gathered there !

One fair, frail shell from some far sea  
Lies lone above his breast,  
Sad emblem and sole epitaph  
To mark his place of rest.

The sweet winds murmur in its heart  
A music soft and low,  
As they would bring their secrets still  
To him who sleeps below.

And lo ! one tender, tearful bloom  
Wins upward through the grass,  
As some sweet thought he left unsung  
Were blossoming at last !

Wild weeds grow rank about the place,  
A dark, cold spot, and drear ;  
The dull neglect that marked his life  
Hath followed even here.

Around shine many a marble shaft  
And polished pillar fair,  
And strangers stand at Timrod's grave  
To praise them, unaware !

“ Hold up the glories of thy dead ! ”  
To thine own self be true,  
Land that he loved ! Come, honor now  
This grave that honors you !

1865

## The Promise

**I**N JANUARY, 1865, I was accidentally thrown with him for about two hours, waiting at a railroad station. He was then in feeble health, depressed in spirits, and in the midst of that general desolation which only those knew of, who shared the calamities that overtook our dear Southland at the close of the war. On that, to me, most sad and well remembered occasion, and the last time I ever saw him, I recall his plaintive regrets at the apparently hopeless task of collecting and publishing his poems. He spoke of his repeated disappointments in life, but kept

dwelling with deep feeling upon the non-publication of his literary works. Finally I said to him: "Harry, we are all in a great deal of trouble, the future is very uncertain, and promises may be difficult to fulfil, but if my life is spared, and I can accomplish your wish, I promise you I will do it." He instantly started up, gladly seized my hands, and exclaimed eagerly: "Will you? Will you?" "Yes," I said, "I will certainly do it if I can."—WM. A. COURTENAY in *Augusta Chronicle*.













